



AND

Weekly Register.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1804.

THE HISTORY OF

Netterville :

A CHANCE PEDESTRIAN.

CHAPTER. XIX.

"I AM sorry," said Lady Newark, laying Mrs. Nugent's letter on the table, "that Arabella is not in town."—"It is to be lamented, but it cannot now be remedied," said her lord—"poor fellow!—I am both surprised and shocked—such a man thus to be hurried into eternity!"—"I am assured in my own mind," said Lady Newark, "that there is no hope for him; yet though I pity his state of health, it will be almost as much as I can do to receive him with complacency, for I have somehow taken an insuperable aversion to him—but I must now go, and give orders previous to their arrival.—I should think, by my friend's letter, they will be here to-night."—"And in all probability," said his lordship, "Nugent will be too much fatigued to remain a minute below stairs—but let what will happen, I will not suffer you, my love," continued he, tenderly pressing the hand of Lady Newark, "to agitate yourself.—Mathuen, I depend on you taking care of your mother."—About an hour after dinner, a carriage drove up to the door—Mathuen went down stairs to receive the visitors, accompanied by his mother—all Lady Newark's dislike towards Nugent immediately vanished on beholding his altered and emaciated frame, and in a voice of the kindest enquiry, she asked how he had borne the fatigue of his journey? Overcome by exertion and agita-

tion, he could scarcely reply, but leaning himself back against the carriage, he put his hands before his face, as if endeavouring to collect, and compose himself.—Lady Newark now observed that his countenance was livid, pale and yellow, his frame was wasted almost to a skeleton, while the manly beauty which had once eminently adorned his person, had departed, leaving but faint traces of its original splendor, while the fire which had animated his now sunken eye, had given place to a look of the deepest dejection; that dignity of spirit which had often degenerated into hauteur, was like his frame, bent to the earth with the oppression of disease, and his whole appearance denoted his speedy approach "to that bourne from whence no traveller returns."—Mathuen having handed Mrs. Nugent out of the carriage, attempted to assist the invalid, when a strange gentleman, who was at that moment accidentally passing, and whose progress had been momentarily interrupted by the attendants, politely offered his assistance—his voice attracted the attention of Mr. Nugent, who looked with an involuntary earnestness in his face, and at the same moment shrank from the proffered civility—the abruptness with which he withdrew his arm from the grasp of the stranger, appeared to surprise him, and he fixed his eye on the countenance of Nugent, as if to demand an explanation—the stranger started, while Mr. Nugent endeavoured to elude his scrutiny.—"Gracious God!" exclaimed the stranger, "how miraculous are thy ways!"—Mr. Nugent groaned audibly.—"Villain! monster!" cried the stranger, whose appearance and air bespoke him a foreigner of distinction, "where is thy wife?"—Adeliza and Mathuen now attempted to proceed with

their charge, when the stranger, with a dignity which at once bespoke the nobleness of his mind, drew back a little, yet still followed them.—Nugent's whole frame trembled convulsively, and Adeliza, unable longer to sustain the weight of his helplessness, called faintly for more assistance; during which time, the stranger again exclaimed, "Where is thy wife—where is Blanche Viagonetta—where is Blanche Darlington?"—"She is within," answered Lady Newark, running into the house, and calling aloud, "Blanche! Blanche!" while the sound was re-echoed by the voices of the domestics, who, perceiving Mathuen's inability to support the invalid, came to his assistance, and laid him upon a sofa in the parlour; he attempted to raise his head, when Adeliza ran and seated herself behind to support him; he seemed, at this moment, suffocating, and closing his eyes, appeared for some time unconscious of surrounding objects; the stranger stood before him, with his arms folded, and in deep contemplation, regarding with earnestness the ravages which time and care had made on his countenance; while Blanche, who had heard the voices of Lady Newark and her servants pronounce her name, hastily ran into the room, followed by Clara and Lord Newark, who endeavoured to aid in restoring the inanimate Nugent.—"And who art thou?" demanded the stranger, taking the hand of Blanche, and looking in her face with earnestness and astonishment.—"For God's sake," cried she, "ask no questions—ask not who I am, only try to relieve the poor gentleman—fly for assistance—poor Mr. Nugent will die!"—"Nugent!" repeated the stranger, "Nugent!—Darlington, you mean." Blanche heard him not; for, agonized at his delay, she burst into tears.—"Tell me, I

beseech you," cried he, "what is your name? This instant I will go, only tell me your name."—"It is Darlington," cried Blanche, "my name is Blanche Darlington."—"Then you are his child, the daughter of that vil—"—"Hush!" cried Blanche, "I never saw him before to-day, his name is Nugent—I am not his daughter." The stranger shook his head.—"For God's sake," cried Blanche, "as you value your eternal happiness, fly, and procure him some assistance—he is dying—I know he is dying!"—A servant now entered to say that Dr. — would attend him in a few minutes.—Blanche knelt by the side of Nugent; she pressed his clay-cold hand to her lips.—"Where is your mother—where is Blanche Viagonetta?" said the stranger.—Blanche started, but replied not.—"Oh, I see!" cried he, "I know it all—that wretch is your father."—Blanche was ready to faint, Clara ran to her assistance.—"Yes, that villain is Darlington, the fictitious Darlington, the pretended husband of Blanche Viagonetta, the seducer of innocence—he is your father!" Blanche cast a look of horror on the stranger, one of agony towards her father, whose lifeless hand she again pressed to her lips.—"And who art thou?" cried she, her voice choaked with conflicting emotion.—"I am your uncle, the husband of Eleanor Viagonetta, the marquis of Deloraine!" Blanche pressed his hand to her lips, he knelt by her side, and folded her in his arms; tears prevented her speaking; she cast a look of entreaty towards him, as if imploring his mercy for her father, who now opened his eyes; still the form of the marquis presented itself before him; he turned his face towards Blanche, the resemblance her features bore to those of her mother, conjured up a fresh phantom of horror—he shuddered convulsively.—Blanche extended her hand towards him; she pressed her lips to his cheek; she wiped away the cold sweat which bedewed his forehead, and forgot, in that moment, all the terrors his name had been accustomed to inspire.—The sick man attempted several times to speak, but failed; he bent his countenance towards Adeliza; and, after much difficulty, exclaimed, "Who, who is she?"—Adeliza pronounced her name.—"I am your daughter! O bless me my father—bless your poor Blanche!" He extended his hand towards her, then withdrew it suddenly, and gave a deep groan. "O my father!" exclaimed she, my father! he is dead, I shall never see him more!"—Her voice and agony rous-

ed the dying Nugent, and he again attempted to raise himself; he cast a fresh glance of horror on the marquis, an eye of pity on his daughter, one of despair towards Adeliza, while a convulsion of terror passed over his countenance, as he caught a casual glance of the person of Lord Newark—"I am going," cried he, "I am going!" while a cold shiver was extended over his whole frame—I have injured you all, I would endeavour to make reparations, but it is now too late—Adeliza, I never possessed your love." His breath grew short; after a pause, he again proceeded,—"I had no right to your duty—yet I know your gentle nature will forgive me." Adeliza pressed her lips to his forehead, while tears fell from her eyes on his cheek—again he cast a glance towards the marquis—the marquis stretched out his hand towards him—"I forgive you," cried he, "as I hope for mercy in my last hour!" Nugent shuddered, groaned, and looked alternately at Lord and Lady Newark, and at length exclaimed—"You cannot forgive me, I feel, I know it impossible!"—"I do, we both do—" cried Lord Newark, "you have never injured us." "O God! would that it was so!" cried Nugent, "but I am going—O my child, my child save me!"—The terror, agitation, and agony into which he now sunk, burst the abscess in his liver, and immediate convulsions, and suffocation followed.

Dr. —, now entered, and commanded universal silence, assuring them that human aid was ineffectual—"The last agonies are upon him," said he, "and all we can do, is to let his parting moments be as quiet as possible."—The room was suddenly still, not a whisper was heard, while Adeliza and Blanche, who still supported him; scarcely breathed, lest they should agitate and alarm him; but in a few moments his convulsions became so strong, that they were obliged to call in the assistance of the men-servants—and Dr. — insisted on every person leaving the apartment, except those who were necessary to attend in the performance of the last duties; and the moment they left the room, Blanche gave way to the most violent sorrow; vain were the arguments of our heroine to console or support her.—Adeliza, was also much affected; and accused herself of insensibility towards the merits of the deceased, while the general shock received by the whole party, was not easily overcome. Clara was the on-

ly one to whom on this occasion they all looked for comfort, and she determined on this account to dispatch a note, apologizing to her aunt, for passing the night in the square.—Having done this, by the advice of Dr. —, she insisted on Mrs. Nugent and Blanche's retiring for the night, where having administered to each a composing draught, she took leave of them, as we shall do of our readers, for the present.

CHAPTER. XX.

THE following day an express was dispatched to Miss Nugent, with an account of the sudden death of her brother; and a request from the afflicted Adeliza, that she would hasten her return to town as much as possible. Miss Nugent was extremely shocked at this event; yet immediately determined, that as her presence in London could be of no essential service to her sister; and the state of poor Lewisham's health still rendered a companion necessary to him, to remain at Margate, until the expiration of the time she had formerly appointed; and that her absence might not prevent Adeliza from pursuing the regulation of her brother's affairs she nominated Lord Newark to act for her, in case necessity should require any thing on her part. In a few days, therefore, the body of Nugent, was interred without either pomp or ostentation, in the parish church to which the house of Lord Newark belonged; and after the funeral, the usual ceremony of opening the will was performed in the presence of Lord Newark, the Marquis of Deloraine, (whom his lordship had requested to attend in behalf of his niece) and Mr. Mathuen; Mrs. Nugent having excused herself from being present at the painful scene. After a few insignificant bequests, the will proceeded in the following manner:—

"*Item.* I give, devise, and bequeath to my daughter Blanche Darlington, the daughter of Blanche Viagonetta, whom I married under the fictitious name of Darlington, the intire and sole possession of twenty thousand pounds, now in the hands of my bankers, as a small recompence for the manifold injuries which her mother has sustained at my hands. The whole of my remaining property I will to be possessed by my wife, Adeliza, the daughter of Frazer Campbell, of Castle Campbell, in the county of Perth, all those estates which are unentailed, to be disposed of at her demise as

she shall think proper.—I request her to present a remembrance to my sister Arabella, in consideration of the harmony in which we have always lived.—And I also will, that the packet in my escutoire, inclosed with this, and with three black seals, be presented to Lord Newark whole and intire; and I pray his lordship to extend towards the writer his forgiveness, and that both he and his lady will strive to forget the injuries I have done them.—Reparation, alas! is not in my power.”

The confidential servant of Nugent, who had read the will, now presented his lordship the packet; and Lord Newark having requested him to inform Mrs. Nugent, he could only think of opening it in her presence; and giving a polite invitation to the Marquis of Deloraine to spend the following day with him, retired.—The marquis was now commissioned to bear to Blanche the intelligence of the fortune bequeathed her; and an affecting conversation took place between them, in which the marquis gave his niece a succinct account of the misfortunes which had befallen the family from the time her mother quitted it.—“The death of my father was followed by the loss of my wife,” said he, wiping a tear from his eye; “who died in consequence of a premature accouchement, and five months after that event, a contagious fever deprived me of my eldest daughter—Violante, whose kindness and attention to my little angel, I shall never forget, caught the distemper from her; and Agnes, my youngest child, is all that now remains of the happy family circle which used to surround me.—The troubles of my country have deprived me, likewise of the affluence I once possessed; but I have been by the goodness of Providence, enabled to secure a competence, which will descend to Agnes at my demise—she lives a few miles from this great city, in a small cottage; where, when not otherwise engaged, I shall be happy to see my dear niece, and introduce her to her cousin.”—

Blanche thanked the Marquis for his friendly attention, and then in as few words as possible, disclosed to him the melancholy fate of her mother; a blush of indignation covered the manly features of the marquis, as she recounted the injuries her parent had sustained; and only the remembrance of the sad fate of her persecutor, could restrain him from heaping curses on his memory.—In the evening, Lord Newark, being

impatient to read the packet so singularly bequeathed to him by the deceased Nugent, sent a servant to request the company of Mrs. Nugent to meet Lady Newark and himself in the library; when being all seated, he broke the seals and read as follows:

“The actions of my past life, when called up in review before me, crimson my cheek with shame; yet it is necessary I should retrace, not only my actions, but the motives by which those actions were directed. When these papers meet the eye of your lordship, you will recollect, that the hand by which they were traced, is mouldering in the dust! Yes; death will, ere that period arrives, have buried the remembrance alike of pain and pleasure—I will not blush before any man, and only in death, therefore, can reveal my sad and fatal errors. Such is the unbounded pride of my own heart, that I am conscious one moment of suffering, aggravated by the contumely of the world, would put a final period to my existence.

“Your lordship is well acquainted with my birth, family, and fortune; of these I shall, therefore, say little.—I was blessed by nature with a fine person, and an understanding above mediocrity; both of which were cultivated by my parents with assiduous care; yet it will be proper here to remark, that this cultivation, as is too frequently the case, was rather calculated to make me a shining than a virtuous character. I was carefully, and constantly instructed never, for a moment, to lose sight of the greatness of my extraction—never, in the slightest instance, to degrade my family.—I was taught to despise, such and such actions; not because they were at variance with the principles of religion and virtue, but because they were mean and dishonourable in the estimation of the world.—Thus the natural ambition of my temper was stimulated, and the consequence was, that not having any internal bent towards goodness, when at any time I fell short in the career of excellence, I attempted to attain the appearance of it; a habit of dissimulation and deceit, was thus early acquired, and has principally promoted a life of vice and profligacy.—The love of wealth, was also, encouraged in my young breast, as one grand and never failing source of gratification; and I was spurred to endeavour to attain it, as an infallible means of that family aggrandisement, which appeared to be the leading object of my education

—the force of that education was so great, that at the age of eighteen, my hopes, wishes, and desires, were all concentrated in this one point, and I determined to lose no opportunity of effecting it, which art or chance might present. My father, who traced his descent from the Norman Conquest, was proud, ostentatious, and reserved; and my mother, whose pedigree was still more ancient, upheld, and supported him in an unbounded pride, and self-consequence.—My sister, fortunately, escaped this error, in a great degree, as she was only a secondary consideration in the family; and she had also, the good fortune to be early corrected, and instructed by the amiable Mrs. Campbell, the mother of Adeliza.

(to be continued.)

A CASE FOR THE GENTLEMEN OF THE LAW.

WILL Webster, of Stamford, sold as good a cup of ale as ever mantled in a beer glass. He was bred a baker, and, as it is common in the country, he also sold bread; and it was as usual for working people to call for a penny loaf as a penny-worth of ale at his house.

A man one day came for six penny loaves. Webster served him as he sat in the drinking room; and after they had been delivered to him said, “Master Webster take one of your loaves back, I’ll have but five, and bring me a penny-worth of ale, that will make up the sixpence all the same you know.” The ale was brought to him, and he gave a loaf for it, drank it, and called for another, and another, and another, until he had exchanged the six loaves for six pennyworths of ale;—then rising up, said, Mary must do with brown bread, which he believed would be quite as good for her health; and was deliberately marching off, when the landlord desired to be paid. “Paid! for what?” said the fellow. “For my bread,” answered the landlord, “Your bread—have not you had it again?”—“Why then pay me for the ale,” said the publican, “I gave you bread for it,” answered the defendant. “That’s true,” answered Boniface, “yet somehow I think I am cheated, but if ever you bother me again, call me out, that’s all, you shall always pay for every thing as I bring it in.”

Law Query. Upon what can the landlord bring his action?

For the Philadelphia Repository.

THE SCRIBLER.—No. XX.

"——— he was no vulgar boy.
Deep thought seem'd oft to fix his infant eye."
Beattie's Minstrel.

IN a former number, I made some mention of JAMES HAY BEATTIE. As his poems are not very generally read in this country, I shall devote this number to giving a few extracts from them. The occasion which produced the following ludicrous and witty stanzas is thus mentioned by his father, the celebrated author of the "Minstrel," "When he and I were talking one evening of the humorous English ballad that begins with these words "*Diogenes surly and proud*," &c. in which from peculiarities in the lives and doctrines of the ancient philosophers it is proved by ironical arguments, that they must all have been addicted to drinking; I happened to say, it was a pity our modern sages were not celebrated in the same way in a second part. Two days afterwards he brought me the stanzas that have the name of "*the modern tipling philosophers*;" in which the spirit of the old ballad seems to be supported with equal humour and certainly not inferior learning.

Father Hodge * had his pipe and his dram,
And at night, his cloy'd thirst to awaken,
He was served with a rasher of ham,
Which procured him the surname of Bacon.
He has shown, that, though logical science
And dry theory oft prove unhandy,
Honest truth will ne'er set at defiance
Experiment aided by brandy.

Des Cartes bore a musket, they tell as,
Ere he wish'd, or was able, to write,
And was noted among the brave fellows,
Who are bolder to tittle than fight.
Of his system the cause and design
We no more can be posed to explain:
The *materia subtilis* was wine
And the *vortices* whirl'd in his brain.
Old Hobbes, as his name plainly shows,
At a *bob-nob* was frequently tried:
That all virtue from selfishness rose
He believed, and all laughter from pride.†
The truth of this creed he would brag on,
Smoke his pipe, murder Homer, ‡ and quaff;
Then starting, as drunk as a dragon,
In the pride of his heart he would laugh.

Sir Isaac discovered, it seems,
The nature of colours and light,
In remarking the tremulous beams
That swam on his wandering sight.

* Roger Bacon, the father of experimental philosophy. He flourished in the 13th century.

† See *The Spectator*, No. 47.

‡ Hobbes was a great smoker, and wrote what some have been pleased to call a Translation of Homer.

Ever sapient, sober though seldom,
From experience *attraction* he found,
By observing, when no one upheld him,
That his wise head fell souse on the ground.

As to Berkeley's philosophy—he has
Left his poor pupils nought to inherit,
But a swarm of deceitful ideas
Kept, like other monsters, in spirit. *
Tar-drinkers can't think what's the matter,
That their health does not mend, but decline;
Why they take but some wine to their water,
He took but some water to wine.

One Mandeville once, or Man-devil,
(Either name you may give as you please)
By a brain ever brooding on evil,
Hatch'd a monster call'd *Fable of Bees*.

Vice, said he, aggrandizes a people; †
By this light let my conduct be view'd;
I swagger, swear, guzzle, and tittle:
And d—— ye, 'tis all for your good.

D—— H—— ate a swinging great dinner,
And grew every day fatter and fatter;
And yet the hugh hulk of a sinner
Said there was neither spirit nor matter.
Now there's no sober man in the nation,
Who such nonsense could write, speak, or think:
It follows, by fair demonstration,
That he philosophiz'd in his drink.

As a smuggler even P—— could sin;
Who in hopes the poor guager of frightening,
While he filled the case-bottles with gin,
Swore he fill'd them with thunder and lightning. ‡

In his cups, (when Locke's laid on the shelf)
Could he speak, he would frankly confess it t'ye,
That unable to manage himself,
He puts his whole trust in Necessity.

If the young in rash folly engage,
How closely continues the evil!
Old Franklin retains, as a sage,
The thirst he acquired when a devil. §
That charging drives fire from a phial
It was natural for him to think,
After finding, from many a trial,
That drought may be kindled by drink.

A certain high priest could explain, ||
How the soul is but nerve at the most;
And how Milton had glands in his brain,
That secreted the Paradise Lost.
And sure, it is what they deserve,
Of such theories if I aver it,
They are not even dictates of nerve,
But mere muddy suggestions of claret.

Our Holland Philosophers say, Gin
Is the true philosophical drink,
As it made Doctor H—— y imagine
That to *shake* is the same as to *think*. **
For while drunkenness throb'd in his brain,
The sturdy materialist chose (O fye!)
To believe its vibrations not pain,
But wisdom, and downright philosophy.

* He taught that the external universe has no existence, but an ideal one, in the mind (or *spirit*) that perceives it; and he thought tar-water an universal remedy.

† Private vices public benefits.

‡ Electrical batteries.

§ Bred a printer. This was written long before Dr. Franklin's death.

|| Dr. L. Bp. of C. is probably the person here alluded to. He was a zealous materialist.

** He resolved Perception and Thinking into *vibrations*, and (what he called) *vibrations* of the brain.

Ye sages, who shine in my verse,
On my labours with gratitude think,
Which condemn not the faults they rehearse,
But impute all your sin to your drink.
In drink, poets, philosophers, mob, err;
Then excuse, if my satire e'er nips ye:
When I praise, think me prudent and sober,
If I blame, be assured I am tipsy.

The following lines, on the barbarous practice of hunting, are beautifully expressive.

Bright rays of purple, fire the sky,
And gild the shivering stream,
Beyond the western mist on high,
While the gay woodlands gleam.

Hark! how the voice of hounds and horns
Floats in the fragrant gale;
Along the rustling thicket borne,
And down the shadowy vale.

They pass; nor Fancy's modest ear
The shouting train pursues;
No screams of bloody triumph cheer
The solitary muse.

Ye whose victorious arts beguile
The sufferer of its breath,
Who watch, with fierce unthinking smile,
The languid throbs of death;

Haste, let your harmless captives bleed,
Ye too must fall as they;
Death, on a swift, though noiseless steed,
Pursues you as his prey.

Nor yet prolong the victim's woe
In lingering terror driven:
Kill, do not torture; mercy show,
And mercy hope from Heaven.

I had intended to give further extracts, but it may be as well to refer the reader to the volume which contains them. Among his most interesting pieces are "*Fragments of a poem on the excellence of christianity*," which, however, contains but a small part of the original design. His translation of POPE's *Messiah* into latin verse, will probably not suffer in a comparison with that of Dr. JOHNSON. The literary plans he had formed, and which, had he lived, would have been executed, display the capaciousness of his mind and his desire to be useful. His early death bore heavy on the declining years of his father, "I have lost (says he) the pleasantest, and for the last four or five years of his short life, one of the most instructive companions that ever man was bless'd with." P.

Errata in No. 19.

In second column, line 9th, for *triple awful* read *treble awful*—column 3d, line 27th, for *their power*, read, *their powers*.

Fontenelle being one day asked by a lord in waiting what difference there was between a clock and a woman, replied, a clock serves to point out the hours, and a woman to make us forget them.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

THOUGHTS ON WAR.

THE science of war is so extensive, its practice so universal, its origin so ancient, and its consequences so disastrous, that, on this terraqueous globe, there is scarcely a nation or country, which has not, at some period, experienced its horrors, and felt the dreadful effects of its desolating rage. There appears in it something so fascinating, so much blended with sublimity; that the history of heroes and conquerors, and the description of battles and warlike exploits; have employed the pen of the poet and historian in all ages.

I do not believe that any person can be so lost to the dictates of reason, so hardened against the tender feelings of humanity, so devoid of a sense of religion, as to prefer war for itself alone. Such desire will seem impossible, if we consider the effects produced by this scourge of the human race, if we consider the ruin of families, the overthrow of empires, the destruction and carnage, and the souls sent unprepared before their Maker, since war was first studied and practised among mankind. As war, then, is so dreadful, its practice so shocking to humanity, and its effects so disastrous, we are naturally led to enquire; why has it been so universally practised? why have the destroyers of their fellow creatures been held up as patterns for imitation? why have their conquests been painted in colours suitable to excite emulation? and why is the history of every nation, from its earliest period, no more than one continued narration of wars and battles? All men, naturally are lovers of praise, honor, and power: this desire gives rise to emulation, rivalry, and ambition; from whence arises wars, bloodshed, devastation, and ruin.

But let us, for a moment, attend to the consequences.—See the fond mother, or the tender wife in anxious expectation of the darling son, or the beloved husband's return;—after long suspense, the dreadful message arrives—he whom you expect is no more—he has fallen on the field of battle!—Let us next consider the contest itself—see the armies drawn up in warlike order, and thirsting for each other's blood—they join battle—the clangor of arms—the shouts of the living, and groans of the wounded and dying, fill the air with a lamentable sound.—Echo repeats, that 'man is fallen from his

original eminence, and that human nature is degenerated to a savage state.'

But what can convey an idea more shocking to humanity than to consider the effects which are almost invariably produced whenever war rages? What can be more horrible than to imagine a band of plunderers overrunning a country, robbing, destroying, laying waste by fire and sword, and, either carrying the inhabitants into slavery, or murdering them with wanton cruelty?—yet how often has this been realized, not only among ancient barbarians, but even among the moderns who pretend to civilization! why do the petty tyrants of Africa make war against one another for human plunder, to gratify the unbridled avarice of those who call themselves christians? why has France poured out the blood of her citizens fighting for the empty name—liberty? why has she wasted her strength, laying the foundation of a republic, on which despotism has been superbly constructed? why do the corsairs of Britain infest the ocean, destroying and plundering the produce of industry? why has the once peaceful and flourishing Hibernia been overrun by lawless soldiers; her rights violated, and her patriots murdered? Finally, as war is so destructive, how can it give delight to creatures pretending to humanity?—

As war arises from damage suffered by one of the parties, the other must of consequence be the aggressor: as war is justifiable only in our own defence, so one of the parties must be acting unjustly: as he who takes away the life of another unjustly is guilty of murder, so the people who make war unjustly upon their neighbours, can be considered in no other light than murderers.

We exclaim against the duelist and declare him guilty of murder; yet how much more guilty is the nation, who, under the pretence of restoring another to liberty, of recovering some ancient possession, or of redressing some feigned grievances dooms thousands of innocent persons to death. All who assent to such unjust proceedings must be considered as abetting murderers, and they who are actually concerned, are murderers—they are guilty of the murder of every person who may fall in the war—the sin of making women, widows—of making mothers, childless—and of making children, orphans, lies upon their devoted heads. Yet how many at this present time are in this awful situation—many who now are wallowing in riches plunder-

ed from the innocent—many, who by pulling others down, have raised themselves to the summit of earthly grandeur.

What an awful reckoning will one day be made; when the souls of those whom they have defrauded, of those whom they have led into wickedness, and of those whom they have been the occasion of bringing to an untimely death, shall appear in judgment against them—'Then they shall say to the rocks and mountains fall on us, and hide us from the face of our incensed Judge.'

OBSERVER.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

A READER'S GLEANINGS.—No. I.

POWER OF FASHION.

THIS power is an ideal influenza that spreads with the utmost rapidity, infecting a whole community where it commences, and sometimes, extending to distant nations; and it acquires such strength in the progress that nothing can resist its force! It does not possess the degree of merit attendant upon the excessive love of novelty, which always imagines the object to possess some degree of worth; a circumstance this, by no means essential to the influence of fashion, whose authority is in general derived from things known to be idle and insignificant. Fashion gives absolute sway to modes, forms, colours, &c. wantonly introduced by the whim of an individual, with whom the majority have not the most distant connection, concerning whom they are totally ignorant unless circumstances and situations of notoriety should render their characters either *equivocal* or *unequivocal*. It is capable of instantaneously altering our opinion of the nature and quality of things, without demanding any painful exertions of the understanding, or requiring the slow process of investigation. With the quickness of a magic wand it in a moment subverts all those ideas of beauty, elegance, and propriety, we had before cherished. It makes us reject as odious what we lately contemplated as most desirable; and raptures are inspired by qualities we had just considered as pernicious and deformed. There are some instances indeed, in which we endeavour to justify our novel affections. We are assiduous to find out some peculiar excellence or advantage in whatever becomes the idol of the day; and to discover some insuf-

ferable defect in the divinity we have discarded. That which was once deemed grand and majestic in size or form, will now strike the eye as insupportably clumsy; and the regularity we once admired, now renders an object stiff, precise, and formal. Colours, which were yesterday so delicately elegant, will appear to-day faint, faded, and lifeless; and those which were lately much too strong and glaring for our weak optics, becomes in an instant bright, glowing, and majestic. Fashion will render that particular garb which we lately thought so warm and comfortable, intolerably sultry; and it makes the slightest covering contrary to its pristine nature, remarkably pleasant in the depth of winter. The flowing hair, or adjusted ringlets, shall at one period be considered as becoming and elegant; at another, be rejected as an insufferable mark of effeminacy,—and as demanding a culpable waste of our most precious time; while their close amputation is deemed both manly and commodious. Fashion has power to influence our ideas of graceful proportions; it elongates or contracts the form of the leg in one sex, or of the waist in the other. At one period it imperiously orders the lightest ligatures to encircle the neck; as if the separation of some excrescence were intended: at another it recommends the large and swoln cravat, as if it thought a poultice were necessary to assuage the irritation occasioned by the preceding mode, and it benevolently permits the chin to partake of the soothing warmth. It directs decency to excite a blush, at being detected without any other head-dress than that ordained by nature; and it is able to suppress the blush of female delicacy at exposures, which scarcely leave any room for the exercise of the most licentious imagination!

A CHARM.

THE *Aborigines* of America were justly abhorred for their cruelty to their captives. A Highland serjeant who was in the troop that was commanded by General Oglethorp, happened to be taken prisoner by an ambuscade. The savages made a triumphal entry into one of their towns, and their prisoner was committed to safe custody until the preparations for his torture were completed. When he was brought out of prison, the whole exhibition of mangling instruments, irons to be heated to burn out his eyes, &c.

were displayed before him. These aggravations of the horrors of death he wished to avoid, and desiring a moment's pause, he addressed them in a long oration, concluding with informing them that he was gifted with preternatural power; for that one of his relations presented him with a never-failing charm which rendered him *invulnerable to every weapon of war*. "How else could I have escaped death in the late dreadful conflicts, wherein, I call your prowess to witness, that I was neither idle nor unexposed! This secret will I reveal in compensation for my forfeit life, to the warlike tribe whose grateful slave I am." The Indians listened with eagerness to a proposal so flattering to their military turn, and after a short consultation, untied the arms of the prisoner; who requested that his broad sword might be delivered to one of the stoutest and boldest of their warriors. The Highlander afterwards bared his neck, and with a gay countenance, and in a loud voice cried out,—“Now behold, O Americans! the amazing evidence of my veracity and fidelity!—do you, selected chieftain, exert your utmost force, which shall not only fail to sever my head, but will not even erase the skin of my enchanted neck.” He then laid his head upon the block,—the Indian directed a forceful blow, with skill and strength,—and the head was in an instant severed from the body, *for ever and for ever!* The Highlander thus evaded the torture which many of his countrymen had suffered in this inhospitable clime.

FRANCIS, DUC DE GUISE.

OF the two Princes of this illustrious house, (the Duke and his brother the Cardinal of Lorraine), Marshal de Retz used to say, “These Princes of Lorraine are of so majestic a presence, that all the other Princes appear like mere peasants by the side of them.”

After the celebrated battle of St. Quentin, a Spanish officer of rank wrote to the Duke of Guise, to request him to deliver up to him one of his slaves that had fled to the French camp with one of his finest war-horses. The Duke immediately sent back the horse, after having paid the slave the value of it, and wrote word to the Spanish officer, that he would never be the occasion of putting chains again upon a slave, that had become a free man by setting his foot into the kingdom of France. “It would indeed,” added he, be a violation of the privileges of that

great kingdom, which consist in restoring freedom to any one who comes into it to seek there that precious gift.

The Baron de Lunedour, commander of one the mercenary Germany regiments that served under the Duke, was much displeased at the Duke's examining into the state of his soldiers; and so far lost the respect due to this illustrious General, as to draw out one of his pistols, and present it at the Duke; who immediately, with the greatest *sang froid*, drew his sword, and knocked the pistol out of the German's hand. Guise's aid-du-camp, M. de Montpezat was going to kill the officer, but was interrupted by the Duke, who said “stop, Sir! Do you suppose I cannot kill a man as well as yourself, when I think fit?”—Then turning towards the German, he said, “Sir, I forgive you the insult you have put upon me; but as for that which you have done to the service of my Sovereign, of whose person I am the representative, his majesty will settle that as he pleases.”—Then turning to some of the soldiers, he said “Here some of you conduct this insolent fellow to prison!” The Duke proceeded with his visit to the rest of the German troops, and never afterwards suffered any molestation.

The Duke was informed that a Protestant Gentleman had come into his camp with an intention to assassinate him. He sent for him (who immediately avowed his attention), and the Duke asked him whether his design arose from any offence he had ever given him. “Your Excellence never gave me any, I assure you,” replied the Gentleman, “my motive for desiring your life, is because you are the greatest enemy our religion ever knew.” “Well then my friend,” said the Duke to him, “if your Religion incites you to assassinate me, my Religion tells me to forgive you,” and he sent him immediately out of his camp.—Another person was once brought to the Duke, who had boasted that he would kill him. The Duke, looking at him very attentively, and observing his extremely embarrassed and sneaking countenance, said to his officers, shrugging up his shoulders, “That blockhead will never have the heart to kill me; let him go; it is not worth while to arrest him.”

The Duke of Guise was victorious over his rival the Prince of Conde, the head of the Protestant party, at the famous battle of Dreux, in 1562. The Prince of Conde was taken prisoner, and brought to the Duke, whom (after having

entertained at his table) he made take half of his bed with him at night; and (as his Biographer says) the Duke slept as perfectly sound by the side of his rival, as if he had been in bed with one of his own sons.

Puttenham says, "that a French Captain was sitting at the lower end of the Duke of Guise's table amongst many, the day after there had been a great bataille foughten. The Duke finding that this Captain was not seen to do any thing that day in the field, taxed him thus in all their hearings: Where were you, Sir, the day of the bataille? for I saw ye not. The Captain answered promptly, Where ye durst not have beene. And the Duke began to kindle with the word; which the gentleman perceiving, said speedily, I was that day amongst the carriages, where your Excellence would not for a thousand crowns have been seen."

The Duke of Guise having sold most of his estates to make himself popular, it was said that he was the greatest usurer in France, as he had nearly laid out all that he was worth upon obligations.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC.

The commission of Savahs charged by the French government to inspect and execute the official publication concerning Egypt, has sent a report to the Minister of the interior, informing him how far the different parts composing it, are advanced. The engravings amount already to 100, of which 47 represent some ancient monuments of the Egyptians; 17 represent modern monuments; 28 represent objects of Natural History. Besides these engravings which are entirely finished, 180 others are begun. The drawings of the temples, of the palaces, and of the graves, are not the only curious discoveries concerning the Egyptian antiquities. A number of statues, idols, and amulets, are besides engraving. Different masters are now busy, engraving the Papyrus found in the graves, under the cover of Mummies.

ANECDOTE.

During the seige of Ypres, a howitzer fell on the knapsack of a soldier of the second battalion of la Corregge, which cut the straps of the knapsack, and broke a pot of butter the soldier had placed above his necessaries. This volunteer, who was a native of Limousin, was not at all affected by the danger; but, look-

ing eagerly at the fragments, he cried, in his provincial dialect, "Ah! grand Di, moun toup de burre de que farai yau mo soupo?" "Ah! my God! my poor pot of butter! what shall I do to make my soup now?"

Philadel^a, Oct. 13, 1804.

NOTE.

THE author of "the address to the woods and stream," informs the readers of the Repository, that some changes have been made by the editor in that poem, to him displeasing; and, on applying to the editor he refused to apologize for a line where the author thought the sense was destroyed but asserted, the changes were made for its improvement. If they have improved it, let the public judge when the alterations are pointed out, and the original stated. In the first place line twelfth: "and scenes untraced drew forth a sigh"—the MS. and scenes untraced extort a sigh—second, line twenty seventh—"Or whirling tempests hoarsely roar and fill"—Or whirling tempests madly rave that fill—and third, where the sense is taken away.—Line fifty-first—"Those pangs, those parting throes of mine," the pangs of parting throes of time.—This last alteration, justice to the public and myself compels me to attack, It would be selfish, absurd and an imposition on the world, to say my pangs and throes completed the sum of human woe.—It would be in fact to deny any griefs to fall to the lot of the human family; and render them perfect, for certainly if the sum of woe is compleat it can admit of no addition, or then all must feel and think alike and pain centre all in the same point and strike equally on every person.—But as every one has private property, so he has private griefs. And altho' personal griefs, go to the compleating the sum of human evil; yet individual sorrow can no more make up the amount, than personal interest can compleat the national wealth.—The idea intended, and which I think every person capable of weighing a thought can see, without the smallest difficulty was, that by long frequenting a place we may become attached and reluctantly leave it; yet inanimate substances are incapable of sympathising with us, or feeling any of all the throbs or throes which compleat our sufferings in this unfix'd state.

JUVENIS.

REMARKS.

HE who edits a public paper is engaged in an arduous task; his chief desire, undoubtedly is, to please both his readers and correspondents, it is his interest—it is his duty. In performing this task he must always consult his own judgment; for, altho' he be not the author of the essays or verses which appear, yet he is responsible to the public for giving them publicity; he is therefore obliged oftimes to correct the productions he receives, or cast them into oblivion—when the faults are trivial, he generally pursues the former course, and in so doing has been seldom blamed—but, blame who may, he never will suffer any thing to appear but in as faultless a shape as he can—*Juvenis* complains of the corrections his piece has received, and has appealed to the public, and the Editor publishes his appeal to shew that he will not act partially even in behalf of himself.

Juvenis' first line complained of, is in the 3d verse—

"And thus address'd the waving trees
And purling brook that tumbled by,
Whilst recollection mourn'd the past
And scenes untraced extort a sigh."

the last line the editor altered—

"And scenes untraced drew forth a sigh."

because in the manuscript, *mourn'd*, in the former line is the past time, *extort*, in the last is the present time—*extort* is harsh and unpoetical, *drew forth*, smooth and flowing; but, even with this amendment, he must inform *Juvenis*, that a scene never traced cannot either draw forth, or extort a sigh, nor can an untried scene do it by recollection—recollection brings to view scenes formerly traced and formerly tried—it is by anticipation we can sigh for scenes untried; so, in both ways, the line, to please him, is nonsense—the Editor only made it agree with the former in point of time.—

Or whirling tempests madly rave." *Manuscript.*

Or whirling tempests hoarsely roar. *Editor.*

We have heard of the ravings of a man in a fever, and the raving of a man with anger, that was, talking out of his accustomed mode—but, the tempest did not rave under the character of a tempest; to rave madly would be acting contrary to the character, consequently would be calm and quiet.—The Editor's line needs no comment, every poet will admit it.—But the last objection of *Juvenis* is astonishing:—Addressing himself to the forest, he says—

"But love's dear flame delights thee not,

Nor does thy passive bosom know

The pangs of parting throes of time

Which form the sum of human woe."

Of the throes of time, the Editor confesses his ignorance, and not knowing what the throes of time were, he could form no idea of their pangs:—If throes be pains and pangs be pains, then the anylization of his line will be, *pains of parting pains of time*: The pains of time is an expression really new: Time, of all the gentlemen with whom we are acquainted, seems to suffer the least pain—he jogs smoothly on, and bears the same aspect, let things turn topsy-turvy as they will.

The Editor is sorry for giving himself and the public so much about nothing: he should have rejected the piece (altho' not destitute entirely of poetic merit) because some parts of it were either nonsense, or at least above his comprehension.—To gratify *Juvenis*, and exhibit him in print, he corrected his piece and published it—and Master *Juvenis* is—very grateful!

DR. SCOTT'S BIBLE.

W. W. Woodward has, by a recent arrival from Europe, received an additional supply of copy, by which he is enabled to proceed with the printing of this eminently useful work.

MARRIED—On Thursday evening 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Jones, Mr. Samuel King, to Miss Ann Phillips, both of Chester county.

—On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Wells, Dr. Jonathan Ward, of N. York, to Miss Mary Swain, of the Northern Liberties.

—On Tuesday last, by the Rev. Dr. Green, Capt. Samuel Zimmerman to Miss Sophia Trayner, both of Chester county.

—On Saturday last, at Moore's town, (N. J.) by the Rev. J. J. Janeway, Mr. Thomas English, to Miss Catharine Ewing daughter of Mr. T. Ewing of this city.

TERMS OF THE REPOSITORY.

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Temple of the Muses.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

SONG.

RECLINED upon a mossy bed,
Spread o'er with flowers of various hue,
A tuft of violets held my head,
And, round their balmy fragrance threw;
A gentle riv'let at my feet;
Run meand'ring Schuylkill's bed to join;
And shading kindly from the heat
Hung o'er my head a waving pine.

Pleased, with a scene so gaily dress'd,
My thoughts were careless bent on love,
Love, I thought ne'er could reach my breast.
When, through the deep green laurel grove,
I saw approach, a beauteous maid,
With angel form and mien divine;
I rose, and ask'd her to the shade,
Beneath the aged waving pine.

Her soft consent she sweetly smiled,
Her smiles went thrilling through my heart,
And love, each coarser sense refined,
As her soft hand I gently press'd,
My tender wishes I reveal'd;
She blush'd, and said she would be mine,
And with a kiss our vows we seal'd;
Beneath the aged waving pine.

Now, blest we often pass an hour,
Where daisies, mix'd, with wild mint grow,
Or, in the willow woven bower
While with pure love our bosoms glow,
And oft, at eve's still hour we meet,
Where jes'mines round wild roses twine,
Or, seek the green bank's mossy scat,
Beneath the aged waving pine.

PETER.

THE DEATH OF MILCENA.

From Darwin.

PALE are those lips where soft caresses hung,
Wan the warm cheek, and mute the tender tongue;
Cold rests that feeling heart on Derwent's shore,
And those love-lighted eye-balls roll no more.

Here her sad consort, stealing through the gloom
Of murmuring cloisters, gazes on her tomb;
Hangs in mute anguish o'er the 'scutcheon'd hearse,
Or graves, with trembling style, the votive verse.

Sexton, oh! lay beneath this sacred shrine,
When time's cold hand shall close my aching eyes,
Oh, gently lay this wearied frame of mine
Where, wrapp'd in night, my lov'd Milcena lies.

So shall with purer joy my spirit move
When the last trumpet thrills the caves of death,
Catch the first whisper of my waking love,
And drink with holy kiss her kindling breath.

The spotless fair with blush ethereal warm,
Shall hail with sweeter smile returning day,
Rise from her marble tomb a brighter form,
And wing on buoyant step her airy way.

Shall bend approv'd, where beckoning hosts invite,
On clouds of silver her adoring knee;
Approach with seraphim the throne of light,
And beauty plead with angel tongue for me!

From the Monthly Anthology.

PURITY OF THOUGHT,

THE CONSUMMATION OF PUREST PLEASURES.

WILL Flora shed her lively bloom,
Or zephyr breathe its rich perfume,
When winter clothes the earth with snow,
And bids the northern tempest blow?

Will cherub peace her charms impart,
Or smiling pleasure cheer the heart,
When guilty thoughts infest the soul,
That owns not virtue's mild controul?

Beneath the heat of vernal skies,
The flow'ret's charms are taught to rise;
Within the tranquil pious breast
Alone will guiltless pleasure rest.

Vainly our fleeting hours we waste
In search of joys, we ne'er can taste,
Unless we lean on virtue's side,
And follow where her counsels guide.

In dissipation's giddy round,
No pure enjoyment e'er is found;
There vice with syren voice beguiles,
And lures to ruin with her smiles.

But sweet the pleasures of the mind,
To purity of thought inclin'd;
Its living lustre ne'er will fade,
Though fortune frown, or age invade.

For when misfortune spreads her gloom,
Beneath the shade, its charms will bloom;
When time has crown'd the head with snow,
Within, the cheering flame will glow.

Then should we strive with watchful art
To quell each rebel of the heart;
'To wisdom's rule our wills incline;—
Her ways with peace and pleasure shine.

Thus may we here that bliss enjoy,
Which time nor fate can e'er destroy,
And taste those heavenly streams above,
Whose fountain is eternal love.

TO FANCY.

DEAR Fancy, welcome are thy transient dreams;
Oft in thy spells my willing spirit bind;
Pleas'd will I revel in thy gilded gleams,
And leave the dull stale, weary world behind.

Avaunt, ye sordid crew! nor think to tread,
Where, if ye come, each charm would quickly fly,
O'er her fair realms Boeotian mists are spread
To guard them from your cold and senseless eye.

Yes, ye may taunt our visionary train,
Profane with jests the poet's gifted dreams;
But shall your mocks the winged soul restrain,
Which in the bard's expressive eye-ball beams?

And what can dull reality bestow,
Beyond what Fancy's fairy wand can raise?
True, her wild pictures for a moment glow,
And often vanish, while we fondly gaze.

What has your idol world to boast of more?
What lasting prize your servile toils to pay?
What can it yield you from its wealthiest store,
One adverse moment may not sweep away?

Oh! see the bard, whom chilling want pursues,
Scaring with meagre form each timid friend;
Though the cool world each soothing aid refuse,
Fancy shall smiling at his couch attend.

Yes, to the last shall Fancy linger there,
And e'en when every earthward hope is fled,
Her hand shall chase away the mourner's tear,
Her brightest visions flit around his head.

EPITAPH,

Written by a Passenger, on a Blank Tomb-Stone.

HERE lies a thing that once had life,
His name was this, or that or t'other;
He took a woman for his wife,
And had a female for his mother.

His legs were longer than his toes,
And when they mov'd about, he walk'd:
He had a tongue, the story goes,
And when he talk'd at all, he talk'd.

Betwixt the poles, on good dry ground,
He liv'd this side the moon no doubt;
He died, but whether hang'd or drown'd,
'Twould cost too much to find it out.

His nose was 'twixt his eyes, and fast;
His eyes were two, and side by side,
He died, just when he breathed his last,
And lived just till the day he died.

To tell his many deeds or few,
I thank my stars, is not my task;
Perhaps another knows, or knew,
And he who wants to know, may ask.